

IF I HAD KNOWN.

If I had known the woes to come to me,
If I had dreamed how sad life was to be,
How often I should weep and sigh alone,
If I had thought of dark and desolate
time—
I'd never have longed for manhood's
glorious prime,
If I had known
If I had known how fate would deal with
me,
How oft in dreams my cottage home I'd
see,
The flowering vines around its windows
grown,
I'd never have scorned the sunshine on
its door,
Nor turned with willing feet from its
low door,
If I had known
If I had known how I would miss the song
The birds sang in its old accustomed place,
The brook that, singing, rippled 'round a
stone,
I'd never have left the sounds unheeded
then,
How sweet their music to my ears had
been,
If I had known
If I had known how I would miss the face,
Sweet smiling in its old accustomed place,
The patient light that in those dear eyes
shone,
I'd never have touched that face with
pained surprise,
Nor brought the tears into those tender
eyes,
If I had known!
—D. M. Wright, in Minneapolis House-
keeper.

The Pygmy Bandit.

By Paul Pastnor.

"I SEE you are growing somewhat
cautious about my stuffed eagle,"
remarked Sandhurst, the detective,
with a smile, as he caught my eye wander-
ing for the fifth time to the big
bird perched with outspread wings on
the top of his bookcase. "Have an-
other cigar, and I will tell you how
I came by him. The tale is odd and
will interest you, I think."

"It happened in 1845. The great and
populous state of Missouri was then
little more than a thinly-settled wil-
derness. Traveling was done mainly
by stage and saddle. There were a few
main roads, leading for long distances
through woods and prairie; but for the
most part the country was wild and
uninhabited."

"Father at that time lived about 40
miles from the present site of St. Louis
in a little frontier community called
St. Regis. I believe the name has been
changed since. I haven't been back
there for half a century. Father was
storekeeper and postmaster. I was
his only child, and at the time I am
telling you about was a kid of 14."

"One day the mail carrier rode up
to the store in a state of great excite-
ment. He tumbled off his horse and
came into the store, pale and hardly
able to speak."

"What's the matter, Corrigan?"
asked my father.

"Matter, sor? The devil himself's
to pay! An imp of Satan dropped
upon me out as the clear sky, sor, an'
wld a pistol to each wan av me ears
tould me to drop the mail bag in the
road an' ride for me, loife, widout
wance lookin' behind."

"And you obeyed?"

"Av course Oi did. Whin the evil
wan himself has the drop on a man
loike that do yez think it wou'd be
healthy for him to stop an' palaver?
No, sor! Oi cut loose the mail, an' the
devil dropped off me horse's flank, an'
liven be praised! Oim alive to tell yez
the tale."

"Did you not get a glimpse of the
man?"

"The man? No, sor! Oi'm tellin'
yez it wasn't a man at all! It was a
devil, or Oi'll ate me head. How could
a man light upon me horse's back from
behind widout a sound av warning?
The first 'ting Oi knew the imp had his
shootin' irons in me ears; an' whin
he spoke, begorra, the schell av his
voice was like sulphur. U-r-r-r! Wor-
ra, worra! Tim Corrigan's no coward,
plaze God, whin it comes to 'allin' wid
man or baste. But the devil himself's
another thing."

"The news spread like wildfire
through the little community that
burly Tim Corrigan had been robbed
of the mail. Twelve or fifteen men and
boys soon gathered at the store and a
party was made up, headed by my fa-
ther, to ride back to the scene of the
robbery and see if any trace of Tim's
'devil' could be discovered. Tim him-
self at first refused to go. He was en-
tirely demoralized by superstitious
fear. But upon promise of a body-
guard and a safe place at the rear he
finally consented to be one of the
party."

"The mail bag was found at the ex-
act spot indicated by Corrigan, ripped
open and rifled of all its valuable con-
tents, consisting of several packages
of value and inclosures of money. But
not the slightest tract of the thief
could be discovered. There were no
prints of a horse's hoof save those of
the animal ridden by Corrigan him-
self. Neither could a man's footprints
be found nor a trail in the bushes be-
side the road. An old Indian fighter
in the party searched long and care-
fully, but even his trained eye failed
to discover a sign. The affair was a
mystery, and Tim's theory of the agency
of the evil one began, covertly, to
gain some ground."

"This strange highway robbery,
however, was only the first of many
of a similar character which from that
time on amazed and terrified the pio-
neers throughout that section. The
paymaster of a lumbering gang was
mysteriously pounced upon and re-
lieved of \$500 in small bills. A farmer

returning from the gristmill lost the
little roll of money that represented
nearly all his season's earnings. A sur-
veyor, separated from the rest of his
party, felt suddenly a death-like grip
about his neck that tightened relent-
lessly until he lost consciousness.
When he recovered he found his in-
strument, his watch and his little store
of cash all gone. It was getting to be
as much as a man's life was worth to
venture alone into the woods."

"In every case it was noted that the
mysterious assailant attacked only
solitary victims, and that he always
pounced upon them silently from
above and behind. It was enough to
make a man's blood cold to reflect that
at any moment this mysterious crea-
ture, man, beast or devil, might light
on his neck and choke, shoot or stab
the life out of him. As yet there was
no record of murder against the crea-
ture, but who could tell what he might
do if resisted or unduly provoked?"

"After three different mail carriers
had been robbed the post office officials
sent a detective to St. Regis to look
into the matter. This man, I remem-
ber, was an object of the greatest
wonder and admiration on the part of
our entire community, none of us ever
having seen a real live detective be-
fore. He lodged with father during
his stay in St. Regis, and thus I was
brought into intimate association with
him. The result of that intimacy, I
think I may say, was what determined
my choice of a profession in life. But
I am digressing—or anticipating."

"The detective scoured the woods
for days at a time. He lay in conceal-
ment at various points of the post
road between St. Regis and the sta-
tion on the river where the mail was
delivered to the carrier. He even
risked carrying the mail himself a few
times; but, as he told me, laughingly,
the strain of that constant twist of
the neck was too much for him."

"So long as the detective remained
in the vicinity there were no more ro-
beries nor assaults. The clever man
discovered nothing positive, but he
puzzled out a clue, which he gave to
father for what it was worth when he
was obliged to leave on other business.
The clue was this:

"Near the spot where the surveyor
had been overpowered the detective
found an eagle's feather. Most men
would not have given this slight cir-
cumstance a second thought. But a
detective is a man to whom everything
possesses significance. My friend put
the feather in his pocket and pondered
over it. He reflected that the ap-
proach of the bandit was always, ap-
parently, through the air; that he
dropped silently down upon his victim
from behind and above, as a bird of
prey might do. Was it not possible,
then—putting two and two together—
that the creature, whatever it was,
might be something in bird form?"

"I saw that my father was inclined
to smile at the suggestion when it was
made to him, but I treasured it in my
mind, for I could not help feeling
somehow that it came startlingly near
the truth."

"No sooner was the detective gone
than I fell to working on my clue. To
be sure, I was only a boy, but I was
active and inquisitive and very desir-
ous of doing something to prove my-
self worthy of the detective's friend-
ship. Besides, the post office authori-
ties had offered a reward of \$300 that
would lead to the discovery of the mys-
terious highwayman, or \$500 for his
actual capture. Such an incentive as
this was enough to sharpen a boy's
wits as well as a man's."

"The thing for me to do, I concluded,
was to keep a sharp outlook for eagles
at all hours of the day. With this pur-
pose in mind, I spent a large share of
my leisure time on top of a cliff about
three miles from St. Regis, command-
ing a wide view of the valley in which
the valtage lay."

"The detective had been gone about
a week when, one afternoon, as I lay
upon the cliff, I saw a shadow sail over
the woods below me. Looking up from
my place of concealment, I beheld, al-
most directly over my head, the form
of a great eagle outlined against the
sky. It was sailing over me at a con-
siderable height, but I could see it
plainly enough, and there was some-
thing so odd about its appearance that
I was struck with amazement. On
either side of its neck there hung down
what looked like a black streamer.
The effect was as if the bird were
wearing a long muffer, the ends of
which trailed below its breast."

"The eagle was drifting away from
me over the valley, and its body for a
time was between me and anything
that might be clinging to its neck. But
finally it made a turn, and I could
dimly see, although the distance was
now too great for accurate observa-
tion with the naked eye, a sort of ex-
ercise on the bird's back, directly
over the trailing streamers. Directly
longed for a good field glass or tele-
scope! I was almost wild with curi-
osity, yet could do nothing but con-
jecture over the strange appearance
of the bird. Of one thing I was almost
positive, however, and that was that
the object which was now fading away
in the distance had been directly con-
nected with every of the of the recent
robberies."

"The very next day word reached us
at St. Regis of a murder and robbery
that had taken place in the next town-
ship. A trapper, returning from the
settlements with a considerable sum
of money, realized from the sale of his
pelts, had been attacked in the open
roadway, and having, undoubtedly, at-
tempted to resist his insidious assai-
lant, had been fatally stabbed at the
base of the neck. His money was gone
and his body when discovered lay in
the road where it had fallen. There
was no evidence of a struggle, no foot-
prints other than those of the victim
himself, but in the dust somebody had
found and picked up another eagle's
feather. I learned this fact incidentally,
and it settled in my mind the real
nature of the unknown assailant."

"From that day I never went into
the woods without my rifle; for father
had given me a little rifle to use in
hunting squirrels and wild turkeys.
My thoughts dwelt constantly upon
the mysterious eagle, and I was always
on the lookout for the great bird."

"Weeks passed. Excitement was
running higher than ever over the un-
canny bandit of the woods, for bolder
and more frequent assaults were con-
stantly reported. Quite a number of
settlers had moved away from sheer
terror and apprehension. The state
had taken up the matter and increased
the reward for the villain's capture by
another \$500. It was just after this
had been done that my odd adventure
befell me."

"I had been out after wild turkey—
ostensibly, at any rate—and was com-
ing home with an old gobbler slung
over my back. As I approached the
road I heard the thud of a horse's
hoofs, and, as had been customary with
me, hurried forward to see the rider
pass, with a vague hope that the mys-
terious eagle might choose that very
moment to swoop down upon another
victim."

"A familiar proverb says 'It is the un-
expected that happens.' But every
rule has its exceptions and every
proverb as well. This time it was the
expected that happened. I had a pre-
sentiment that I was about to behold
something wonderful and strange—and
I did. Hardly had I come in sight of
the horseman (and there was still a
thin, concealing veil of foliage be-
tween me and the open road) when a
great waving shadow came drifting
along the highway. I glanced up
and with my heart in my mouth,
saw a huge bird descending with
set and motionless wings. But I
saw something more, something that
almost froze the blood in my veins. A
miniature man sat astride of the
eagle's neck, his fierce little face set
with vindictive purpose. To this day
I can see the baneful gleam of his
small, blazing eyes. In one hand he
carried a glittering, naked knife. The
other hand was extended as if to grasp
in anticipation his victim's hair."

"When the eagle was almost direct-
ly over the unsuspecting horseman,
the pygmy bandit threw one leg over
the bird's neck, sat sidewise and poised
himself ready to drop upon his victim's
shoulders. Instinctively and with a
motion as quick as thought my rifle
sprang to my shoulder. Just as the
dwarf let go his hold and dropped there
was a ringing report, and the eagle,
pierced through the heart by my bul-
let, fell simultaneously with his pigmy
master. Both struck the flanks of the
frightened horse, and the animal
sprang forward in a wild snorting
gallop, so sudden and so endangering
to the rider that he did not even ven-
ture to turn his head to see what oc-
casioned it. In a minute more horse
and rider were out of sight around a
bend in the road."

"The eagle rolled into the dust and
after a few spasmodic flutterings lay
still. The pigmy bandit, springing to
his feet, glanced about him for a mo-
ment with mingled rage and terror in
his weakened and contorted face.
Then, with a cry, whose utter despair
and piercing anger I shall never for-
get, he darted into the bushes on the
opposite side of the road and disap-
peared."

"Hardly knowing what I did, I
bounded after his disappearing form,
but the sly creature was too quick for
me. In the tangled underbrush it was
useless to pursue a being who could
dart unobstructed along a rabbit path,
and I soon gave up the chase again."

"Leaving my wild turkey concealed
in the bushes, I carried the dead eagle
to the village and told my story. At
first there were none who would be-
lieve me, but when I led the way to
the spot where the tragedy had oc-
curred, and the Indian-fighter had ex-
amined the small footprints in the dust,
and in the soft mud of a spring-hole in
the woods, where the dwarf had crossed
in his flight, doubt and evil gave way
to wonder and congratulation, and I
became at once the hero of the commu-
nity."

"Although I had not captured the
pygmy bandit, I had solved the mys-
tery that surrounded him and de-
stroyed the unique means by which
he approached and surprised his victims.
From that day the terrible little man
disappeared utterly. The last of his
strange crimes had been recorded."

"I received one thousand dollars for
my amateur detective work. Half of
it I offered to the man who had puzzled
out the necessary clue. But he
would not touch a cent. 'No, my boy,'
he said, 'you deserve all you have
earned and more, whether you actual-
ly captured the pygmy bandit or not,
for you fixed him so that he is better
than dead to the world. He has ceased
from his crimes and retributive jus-
tice has been spared the unnatural
job of disposing of such a human freak.
You are a born detective, lad, and my
advice to you is to go into that profes-
sion for all you are worth.' And I
have."

"Good advice!" I cried, as Sandhurst
ceased, "and in some respects the most
remarkable introduction to a profes-
sion I ever heard of!"—Detroit Free
Press.

What She Wanted.

"Is there anything you want?" asked
the butcher of the little girl with the
soulful eyes and fawn-like air.
"Oh, yes, sir," lisped the little angel,
timidly. "I want a seal-skin sash, and
a diamond ring, and a trotting horse,
and a steam yacht, and a foreign noble-
man, and a pug dog, and a brown stone
house, and a box at the opera, and lots
of other things; but all ma wants is
ten cents' worth of bologna sausage for
dinner, and won't you please trust her
for it till Saturday night?"—Judge.

United States Coin in Hawaii.
Nearly all the gold coin in circula-
tion in the Sandwich Islands is of
United States mintage.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

The Congregationalists have one
minister to every 114 members of their
churches.

San Francisco has 20,000 children of
school age who attend no place of
learning.

Rev. Nathan E. Wood, D. D., of Bos-
ton, has declined the presidency of
the Newton theological institution.

The Central Illinois Methodist Epis-
copal conference has decided for equal
lay representation by a vote of 150
to 9.

The Wesleyan Methodists of Eng-
land, at their recent conference, voted
to raise from the church \$5,000,000 as
a twentieth century fund.

Miss D. Matilda Dowd, who ten years
ago left Albany for the mission field
in China, sends from Peking \$5,000 to
be used in the construction of a
nurses' home at the Albany hospital.

The Korean minister of public in-
struction has engaged as official pro-
fessor of the German language a Jap-
anese named Prutochian, at a salary
of \$100 a year and \$30 a month for
house rent.

The Trinity church corporation in
New York city has been 201 years in
existence. It maintains nine churches
and a hospital, and contributes lib-
erally to many Episcopal institutions.
It possesses real estate, valued at \$15-
000,000, and its annual income is about
\$600,000.

Pio Nono bequeathed to the church
50,000,000 francs in gold. Leo XIII.
has almost doubled that sum, which is
deposited among the principal Euro-
pean banks. The holy see has no
debts, what existed having been all
paid by the present pope.

Pupils in the public schools of Copen-
hagen are required to take three
baths a week in the public school
building, and while they are bathing
their clothes are sterilized in a steam
oven. The Danes object to the regula-
tion on the ground that it makes the
children discontented with their home
surroundings.

OUR FRIENDS THE GERMANS.

Bonds That Connect Us with the
Fatherland Which Will Not
Be Easily Broken.

To war against Germany would be to
war against our own flesh and blood.
No European country, with the excep-
tion of Great Britain, has so large a
representation in our citizenship as the
Fatherland. In the decade ending with
1890, over 1,400,000 immigrants came
to us from Germany, more than a fourth
of the total immigration from all Eu-
ropean that period. Several of our large
cities, including Cincinnati and Mil-
waukee, have a larger percentage of
German-born citizens than of all other
foreigners put together. And these
people are among our most loyal, sub-
stantial and valuable citizens. They
are not wanting in love for the land of
their birth, but they love the land of
their adoption still more. They are
true Americans.

A common love of learning is an-
other strand in the bond uniting us
with the German people. Nowhere in
the world is the leadership of Germany
in various fields of scholarship so fully
and frankly recognized as in the United
States. We send many of our brightest
young men to sit at the feet of her
greatest teachers and to drink deep at
her springs of learning. We glory in
her unparalleled achievements in the
domains of science and philosophy. To-
ward the country of Goethe and Schil-
ler, of Luther and Humboldt, we can
never be set in hostile array.

But stronger, perhaps, than any other
strand is the bond that unites us with
Germany in our common trade inter-
est. The shuttles of commerce, flying
swift and fast across the seas for a
hundred years, have woven us together
by golden threads that may not easily
be severed. Last year we sent Germany
breadstuffs, manufactured products
and other articles to the value of \$123-
784,453. Germany sent us back in ex-
change chemicals, cloth and other need-
ful things to the value of \$111,210,614.
With no other country except Great
Britain does our volume of trade reach
such proportions as this. We export to
Germany more than twice as much as
we do to France, and more than twelve
times as much as we do to Spain. And
the volume of trade between America
and Germany is more evenly balanced
than between us and any other country
in the world. We take nearly as much
as we give. A friendship based on such
considerations as these will not be
lightly broken.—Leslie's Weekly.

Inconsistent Law of the Mikado.

They hold strange views about art in
Japan. Travelers in the land of flow-
ers have frequently remarked the
strange customs of the public baths,
where both sexes commonly mingle.
But what is considered right and prop-
er in everyday life will not be tolerated
in canvas or stone representations of
it. The nude in art has been unquali-
fiedly condemned by public opinion.
Recently the Japanese minister of
home affairs has prosecuted both ed-
itor and publisher of a magazine for
inserting a picture of a nude female.
The works of Mr. Kuroda, a Japanese
student of the Paris art schools, have
excited the utmost astonishment in
Japan, notwithstanding the favor-
able notices given them in the French
capital.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

She Lost and Won.

Her Mother—"I saw him kiss you; I
am terribly shocked; I did not for a
moment imagine that he would dare
take such a liberty."

Herself—"Nor did I, ma—in fact, I
bet him he doesn't!"—Reheoboth Sunday
Herald.

His Way.

Miss La Fittie—"Mr. Spooner is a
model husband."
DeWitt—"Yes; they say he treats his
wife as if he were a candidate for elec-
tion and she were a voter."—Puck.

HUMOROUS.

Clara—"I saw some funny looking
mugs in a window on Fifth avenue the
other day." Cora—"What club was
it?"—Yonkers Statesman.

Grace—"But what do you mean by
saying Mr. Dashaway is such a lady-
like man, dear?" Flo—"He can't raise
a mustache."—World's Comic.

Mrs. Hoyle—"So, your servant light-
ed the fire with kerosene and suffered
the consequences?" Mrs. Doyle—"Yes,
the mean thing. It wasn't her day
out."—Town Topics.

First Jurymen—"What did you
think when the judge committed Dob-
son to prison for contempt of court?"
Second Jurymen—"I was glad he
wasn't a mind reader."—Green Bag.

"No," said the positive girl, "I will
never tie myself down to one man."
"Perhaps," he replied, sarcastically,
"if I organize a syndicate you will
consider our offer."—Philadelphia
North American.

"I see that they are going to play
golf on Sunday in Chicago." "Well?"
"It doesn't seem quite right to give up
Sunday to ordinary sports." "Why,
bless your heart, golf isn't a sport."—
Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Hicks—"It is hardly possible that a
marriage should come out of it be-
tween two such persons." Wicks—"I
don't know. He is a regular stick, and
she has got enough brimstone in her to
make a match."—Boston Transcript.

"What do they call the microbes that
breed diseases, John?" "Please, sir,
germs." "Correct—and what do they
call the people who know how to han-
dle germs in a scientific way?" "Please,
sir, Germans."—N. O. Times-Democrat.

First Girl—"I was in front last night,
dear, to see you play Juliet." Second
Girl—"Yes, I know you were; but you
needn't have talked so loud all through
my best scenes." First Girl—"Oh, but
you must be mistaken, dear; it couldn't
possibly have been I. I never talk in
my sleep."—Punch.

BROKE HIS BONES ON AUG. 26.

The Remarkable Series of Accidents
Which Regularly Befell an
English Collier.

As might naturally be expected from
his hazardous occupation, the collier is
frequently injured by accidents under-
ground, but the following particu-
lars, deserve, I think, a space in
the Lancet because of the strange se-
ries of fractures sustained by a man,
as well as the remarkable coincidence
in the date of their occurrence.

A man aged 44 years, short and well
built, was first attended by me on
August 26, 1890, for a compound frac-
ture of the left leg, resulting from a
portion of the roof or top falling and
striking him while following his em-
ployment in Risca collieries. The pa-
tient made an uninterrupted recov-
ery, and was able in about six months
to resume his work underground.

The patient's previous history, told
by himself, and corroborated by oth-
ers, is very remarkable. With the ex-
ception of an attack of typhoid fever,
which he had when 18 years of age,
and two or three attacks of quinsy
subsequently, he had not suffered bodi-
ly in any way. He was always very
temperate, and for about 18 years a
total abstainer. But his misfortunes
in the mine were many and are re-
markable from the fact that they al-
ways happened on the 26th day of
August. Here is his record. At the
age of ten years he fractured his right
index finger. It happened on August
26. When 13 years old he fractured
his left leg below the knee through
falling from horseback, also August
26. At 14 years of age he fractured
both bones of the left forearm by
stumbling, his arm striking the edge
of a brick, August 26. In another year,
on August 26, when 15 years of age,
he had compound fracture of the left
leg above the ankle by his foot being
caught under an iron rod and his body
falling forward. Next year, again on
the same date, August 26, he had com-
pound fracture of both legs, the right
being so severely crushed that it had
to be amputated at the lower third
of the thigh. This was caused by a
horse, hitched to a tram of coal, which,
running wild under ground, caught
him in a narrow passage, crushing
both legs severely. After this he did
not work on August 26 for 28 years,
and little wonder, but in the year 1890
he forgot his fateful day and went to
work, with the result that he sus-
tained the compound fracture which
I have mentioned in the beginning.
After this he has studiously avoided
working on August 26, though never
missing work at other times.—London
Lancet.

Gold Coins in the World.

It will probably be a shock to many
to learn that all the gold coins current
throughout the world could be com-
fortably stowed away in any one of
thousands of English drawing-rooms.
A careful estimate of the gold currency
of the world places its amount at £755-
000,000. Although this enormous sum
will probably exceed our entire nation-
al revenue for the next seven years, it
could, if converted into English sov-
ereigns, be placed in a room 33 feet long,
30 feet wide and 20 feet high. The pro-
cess of packing the sovereigns would,
indeed, be a labor of time and infinite
patience. If the sovereigns were placed
in position at the rate of one a second,
working for eight hours a day, a child
of eight, commencing the task to-day,
would see his eightieth birthday be-
fore the last sovereign was in position
and the door could be locked. To con-
vey this gold to the strong room would
require the utmost strength of 4,000
horses, which would have to pull a
weight of 5,951 tons. The sovereigns
thus accumulated would make a golden
carpet for the whole of St. James park,
with a remnant of 3-2-3 acres to spare;
and, if placed edge to edge, they would
form a footpath of gold, six inches wide,
between London and Constantinople.—
London Tit-Bits.

THE ASSYRIAN INVASION.

Sunday School Lesson in the Interna-
tional Lesson Series for November
13, 1898.—2 Kings 19:20-22, 28-37.

[Based upon Peloubet's Select Notes.]
GOLDEN TEXT.—God is our refuge and
strength, a very present help in trouble.—
Ps. 46:1.

THIS SECTION includes the rest of Heze-
kiah's reign (2 Kings 18:13 to 20:21). The
parallel passages are 1 Chron. 32:1-33; Isa.,
Chaps. 36 to 39.

TIME.—Probably about B. C. 701. The
last half of Hezekiah's reign, 226-240 years
after the beginning of the kingdom, and
110-130 before the exile—a period of reforma-
tion.

PLACE.—In and around Jerusalem, the
capital of Judah.

EXPOSITION.

Scene I. The Invasion of Judah by
Assyrian Hordes.—Assyria at this time
was at the height of its arrogant pow-
er. Sennacherib, their king, about B. C.
701, marched from Nineveh with an
immense army like the Huns and
Saracens of later history. They took
city after city by storm, till the cities
of the Philistines and the south of
Judah were in their power, and little
was left to Hezekiah but his capital,
Jerusalem. Hezekiah tried to buy off
the invaders by the payment of the
former tribute, and other immense
and costly gifts, to obtain which he
stripped the gold plating from the
temple doors, and despoiled his palace.

Scene II. Around the Walls of Jeru-
salem.—Among the most dramatic
scenes in all history were the inter-
views (described in Isa. 36 and 37, and
also in Kings) between the rabshakeh,
one of the Assyrian officers, on the one
hand, and on the other, Hezekiah's of-
ficers, and the people of Judah answer-
ing from the walls of Jerusalem. The
rabshakeh demanded an unconditional
surrender. He appealed to the people
themselves, promising to spare their
lives, and take them to a country far
better than Palestine, if they would
only open the gates in spite of their
rulers. He warned them that no power
had stood before the Assyrian
force; the gods of no place had been
able to save their people.

Scene III. Hezekiah Praying in the
Temple.—King Hezekiah rent his
clothes, and put on sackcloth, and
went to the house of God, while his
messengers sought out the prophet
Isaiah, to know what to do. He did
all he could, as well as prayed.

Scene IV. The Answer Sent by
Isaiah.—Vs. 20-22, 28-34. 20. "Thus saith
the Lord," Jehovah. "I have heard:"
He would have them understand deliv-
erance was from him.

21. "The virgin the daughter of
Zion," Zion, the citadel of Jerusalem,
stands for the city, like a beautiful
virgin "unviolated by a conqueror."
"Hath despised thee," Assyria, "and
laughed thee to scorn?" She defies
you, and mocks at all your threats, be-
cause she is safe, not in her own
strength, but in that of the Almighty
God, her protector.

22. "Even against the Holy One of
Israel:" Whom they had "reproached
and blasphemed" by comparing him
with their idols, and declaring he
could not resist their power.

23. "I will put my hook in thy nose;"
As was done with wild bulls to lead
them, and as the Assyrians are repre-
sented on their tablets as doing with
their captives.

24. "And this shall be a sign unto
thee:" This sign was given to Heze-
kiah. "Such things as grow of them-
selves:" For two years the regular
operations of agriculture shall be sus-
pended, by the occupation of the Assy-
rians, but the third year everything
would go on as usual.

25. "The remnant that is escaped:"
The Assyrians had already destroyed
a large part of Judah and carried away
200,000 of the people, according to Sen-
nacherib's account. Yet God would
not permit the nation to be destroyed,
but this remnant, like the stump of a
tree cut off, should "again take root
downward, and bear fruit."